Lord. That's the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flags diſplaid, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.
Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hymmes vntuter'd to repeat,
VVho makes the faireſt ſhew, meanes moſt deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
VVhat need we feare, the ground's the loweſt,
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall we attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, & what he craues.
Lord. I goe my Lord.
Cleon. VVelcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If warres, we are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernor, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
VVe haue heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreetes,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to releaſe them of their heauy load,
And theſe our ſhips you happily may thinke,
Are like the Troian horſe, was ſtuft within
VVith bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger ſtaru'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And wee'l pray for you.
Per. Ariſe I pray you, ariſe; we doe not looke for reuerence, but for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, and men.
Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulneſſe in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children, or our ſelues,
The curſe of heauen and men ſucceed their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall nere be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per.

Per. VVhich welcome wee'l accept, feaſt l
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend vs a ſmile.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here haue you ſeene a mighty King
His childe I wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will proue awfull both in deed and wor
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſity:
Ile ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Loſing a myte, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon,
Is ſtill at Tharſus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what need ſpeake I.

Dumbe Shew,

Enter at one doore Pericles tal'king with Cleon, all t
Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a let
ricles ſhewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles gines t
ward, and Knights him.
Exit Pericles at one doore, and Cleon at an

Good *Hellican* that ſtaid at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he ſtriue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his Princes deſire,
Sau'd one of all that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with ſinne,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharſis* was not beſt,
Longer for him to make his reſt: